IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

Is life worth living? Ask the lad,
Barefooted, homeless, starved, ill-clad,
And hear the answer you will get,
"My dog an' me has fun—you bet."

Is life worth living? Ask the wretch
Upon the gallows doomed to stretch
The hangman's rope, and heed his cry,
"It is! it is! Don't let me die!"

Is life worth living? Ask the tramp
Whose home's the gutter, cold and damp,
And hear him tell you with a jerk,
"It is, old pard, for I don't work."

Is life worth living? Ask the dude
Whom old Dame Nature somewhat spewed,
And see him suck his cane and say,
"Aw—weally—life is—aw—quite gay."

Is life worth living? Ask the fool,
The giggling maiden fresh from school,
The toiler invalid, the slave;
O! life, sweet life, they ever crave.

Is life worth living? Ask the wise
Philosopher who vainly tries
To solve the mystery about
That matter and—remains in doubt

Is life worth living? Ask the great,
The millionaires, the kings in state;
And note their looks of utter woe
As in despair they shriek: "No! no!"
—*Detroit Free Press.*

When Day Meets Night.

Out to the west the spent day kisses night,
And with one parting glow passion dies
In gold and red; a woman's wistful eyes
Look out across the hills, a band of light
Plays on her parted hair, there softly dwells,
And throws a glory o'er her girlish dream;
The sheep all wrestle down beside the stream,
And cattle wander with their tinkling bells.

The clouds, sun-flush'd, cling round the day's decline
The woman's eyes grow tender; shadows creep:
Gold turns to gray; a sharp dividing line
Parts earth and Heaven. Adorn the western height.
The calm cold dark has kiss'd the day to sleep;
The wistful eyes look out across the night.

Haunted by a Live Ghost.

It was a dreary place. My heart went down amazingly when I came in sight of it. Across the road below the cliffs, the sea moaned in a heartbreaking monotone, and no other dwelling broke the long sweep of wildly romantic landscape. It was a ruinous old stone mansion, with a broken shutter flapping here and there, and damp green moss encroaching upon the gray walls. A grove of hemlocks surrounded it, and a perpetual twilight brooded at the narrow windows, while the wind, which seemed ever to haunt the sombre trees, wailed to the beat of the waves below. But I was young and healthy and happy, and moreover dependent upon my own exertions for my daily bread. I was about to apply here in answer to an advertisement for a "young and pleasant and intelligent person to attend an invalid," and I rallied my sinking courage, as I ascended the grass-grown drive which led to the front entrance. "I hope the inmates are more prosperous than would seem from the outside appearances," was by mental comment, "else I shall not be overseure of my wages."

I raised the old-fashioned rocker, carved to imitate a dragon's head, and a hollow rat-a-tat woke a hundred echoes. Presently a quick, firm step came along the passage, the door was opened, and I beheld a very handsome man, but so fiendishly handsome that my heart sank once again into my boots. Tall and elegant in figure; scrupulously dressed in black; white hands, with a handsome ring on one finger; a white face made whiter by the contrast of the jet-black locks framing it, the long black mustache drooping over the smiling lips, and the great, glittering black eyes, which I felt were taking in every detail of my dress, face and figure. I made known my business in somewhat faltering tones, and the gentleman, with great courtesy, ushered me into the presence of a little lady, whom I rightly conjecture was his wife.

My heart went out to her at once—she was so frail and sweet-looking, with big blue eyes, a quantity of golden-brown hair, and gentle, tremulous lips. The room she occupied—a sort of boudoir opening from an inner chamber—was comfortably, even luxuriously furnished and she wore a handsome wrapper of of pale-blue cashmere, heavily faced with satin. Evidently these people possessed all the comforts that money could procure, despite the ruinous condition of the exterior of their dwelling. To be brief, after a few questions put by the gentleman with the most exquisite politeness, I was engaged as Mrs. Rosenberg's attendant and companion, at a salary that seemed to me munificent, part of which was paid me in advance, with the request that I should be promptly there on the following day, ready to begin my duties.

Surely I was in luck now, I thought, crushing the crisp bank-notes into my shabby little purse, as I turned my face once more towards the city. But there was an uneasy feeling in my heart when I recalled the handsome, sinister face of Mr. Rosenberg, and the half-frightened, appealing look of his fair little wife. However, I took up my abode there the next day.

My own apartments were a cozy little chamber, and sitting room adjoining and just across the hall from Mrs. Rosenberg's rooms. The only servants about the house were a negro woman and a surley-browed Welshman who scarcely ever spoke. Before I had been there three months I should have left, had not a deep affection and pity for my lovely charge taken root in my my heart. A strange horror lurked about the old place, I seemed to be living in a sort of nightmare. The smiling, sneering courtesy of the master; the frightened, delicate, nervous little wife, who had incomprehensible fits of weeping; the evil-looking Welshman, and the gloomy eyed, mysterious, black serving women all seemed strange and unnatural characters to me.

Mrs. Rosenberg seemed mortally afraid of her husband. I used to hear her addressing passionate appeals to him, and the man's voice in return was always quiet and low, but with certain devilish sneer running through it that made my heart hot within me. I could guess at the import of these conversations. They were carried on after I had retired to my rooms, where only the sound of their voices reached me. In my presence Mr. Rosenberg was a model of conjugal tenderness and courtesy, and his wife a mere passive image of endurance.

I heard queer noises about the house and mentioned the fact to the negress one day.

"Reckon it's de win' or de sea," she answered.

"It doesn't seem like that, Dinah," I persisted.

She turned her great dusky eyes upon me with a look that sent a nervous thrill through my veins.

"Den it's a los' soul crying, honey."

"Nonsense!" I laughed, trying to shake off the effect of her look and words.

"'Tis," she said, shaking her head solemnly. "I've done listened some nights ter dat sobbin', sighin', mutterin', till 'pears like I'd go mad. I tink, chile, dis yere house is haunted."

I went away, half provoked at myself for being disturbed by her words. One day, some unaccountable impulse urged me to mention the sounds to Mr. Rosenberg, adding, with a careless laugh, "Dinah thinks the place is haunted." I shall never forget the curious look in his black eyes as they flashed over my face and the unpleasant glitter of the white teeth under the black mustache, as he answered, in his usual slow, rather mocking tones,—

"There is, I believe, an old fiction of the house being haunted; but you seem too sensible a young lady, Miss Graves to put any faith in the existence of ghosts. My theory is that the uncanny noises of which you speak are produced by certain currents of air through these hollow old rooms, to which my wife is so greatly attached that I cannot persuade her to leave them." There was an unmistable sneer in his voice now, as he took his hat, with a slight, graceful bow, from the hall table, and passed out through the open door.

The next day I accidentally dropped a narrow gold ring, which had been my dead mother's, from my finger, as I sat at the open window. It rolled along the sloping window ledge, and before I could grasp it, fell glittering through the air to the ground below. Of course I ran down immediately to look for it. A clump of boxwood grew close to the damp walls but unmindful of everything save my lost ring, I pushed this aside a crept through.

Just as my eye caught sight of the tiny gold circlet on the gravel, my ear also caught the sound of suppressed breathing close by. With quickened heart-beats my eager gaze swept the masonry. Directly before me was a small aperture, scarcely big enough for my hand to pass through, and within, in the dimness of what seemed to be a cellar, two eyes, bright, haggard, and sorrowful, were watching me.

"In heaven's name, who are you?" I gasped.

"Hush!" came back the whispered reply. "You are Mrs. Rosenberg's companion. The man John told me. I am Mrs. Rosenberg's brother. That devil has kept me a prisoner here for two years. She thinks I am insane. They will will not let her see me, although she knows that I am here. For God's sake, help me!"

A dry sob came from the darkness, which brought an answering one from her own lips.

"Yes, yes," I whispered, trembling in every limb; "but how?"

A folded paper held by a wasted thumb and finger appeared at the opening "This is a written statement of my brother-in-law's villany," continued the unfortunate man. "A week ago I found a loose stone in the wall here, and worked at it until I made this opening. I have been watching for you ever since, in hope that you might walk here. Take this paper to the police headquarters in the city, Miss Graves, and God go with you!"

I thrust the paper into my bosom, and whispered an eager assurance of help, through the aperture.

"Thank you. God bless you!" came back in fervent accents, and raising to my feet, I hurriedly re-entered the house.

My first action, on regaining the privacy of my own room, was to examine the paper. It contained these lines, written tremously with a pencil:—

"I, Justin Morton, have been, and am now, held most wickedly in confinement at Hemlock Grove by my brother-in-law, Rollo Rosenberg. He represented me to his wife as being insane. The cause for his foul treatment of me is as follows: My father in dying left a handsome property, to be equally divided between my sister and myself, but with the provision that, at the death of either heir, his or her share should revert to the other. Rosenberg lacks the nerve to finish his victim outright, but the foul air of the seller in which I am confined, and my insufficient food, are rapidly doing their work. In the name of justice and humanity, I ask for help!"

My readers may imagine all I felt on reading this pathetic appeal. That very afternoon I requested permission to go to the city in order to make some purchases. I dare not intrust my secret with poor little Mrs. Rosenberg, for I dreaded least her agitation should betray all. I went straight to an old lawyer, at first,—a friend of my mothers. I told him my story, and showed him the paper, which having read, he said:—

"God bless my soul, girl!" and got his hat and cane, and hurried away with me to the city marshal's office.

At four o'clock that afternoon, Lawyer Dayton and I accompanied by a physician and some stalwart policeman, returned to Hemlock Grove.

Mr. Rosenbergh was not at home, and despite the watchman's show of stolid ignorance, the place was searched, and the prisoner found in one of the cellars,—a damp, foul, unhealthy place. The poor young man—he was not more than twenty-eight—fainted dead away when they brought him into the light and air. He was handsome as a picture, with golden-brown curls, and bonny blue eyes, but so pale and wasted from his long confinement that the tears rushed to my eyes at sight of him. My story is nearly ended. In the excitement the watchmen disappeared. Neither he nor his master was never again seen in America.

What became of Mrs. Rosenberg? Oh, she lives with us. I married Justin Morton, you see, and am the happiest wife in Christendom. Old Dinah lives with us, and thinks my first-born the most wonderful baby living.

Beloit Gazette: We have frequently referred in these columns to the propriety of our farmers going more largely into improved stock of all kinds, and having a harvest of good young things, as well as of seventeen cent corn and sixty-five cent wheat. The great complaint is "it costs too much, and we can't seeany profit in it." The Goodwin Park stock farm has brought to this country some of the finest strains of Hambletonian blood, some of the best families of Shorthorn cattle, but more especially has it been noted for the splendid quality of the Angus cattle it has brought here. In this breed, they have brought here the sweepstakes bull of the world, and as grand a lot of cows as can be found in America. The fact that in three years, this herd has won ninety premiums and medals at winning seven sweepsteakes ribbons this season, shows conclusively that their cattle are as good as grows. In spite of all this, it has been a struggle to keep the farm in existence, and at one time it seemed as if it must fail for lack of support. Our home people have failed to patronize it, except in a very limited extent. This all, becoming discouraged with the poor success at home, the Messrs. Goodwin sought foreign buyers, and the result is that their cattle were sold like "hot cakes," the sales since May 1st amounting to $2,000. This our farmers say, may seem to pay them, but does it pay the purchaser?

SENATOR EDMUNDS is preparing to introduce his postal telegraph bill when congress meets. Mr. Edmunds' plan is to lay out four trunk lines of telegraph connecting the national capital with the principal cities of the country, with branch lines to such points as may be needed. This system he proposes to connect with the postal system, leaving private corporations to conduct their business with pleasure.

In Boston, *The Advertiser* states, there have been fifty people killed and eighteen injured by horse railways within a year.

MISKIN HANE.

Vivid Description of the Lepers' Hospital at Scutari.

Paris Journal des Debats.

There are now few of these establishments left, and it is not too much to say that in the one I have just visited human misery seems to have attained its highest pitch. I saw numbers of beings sightless, their faces distorted ont of all shape, their hands and toes having dropped off, their voices gone, breathing with desperate effort, their skin peeling off and black as that of a mummy, insensible to pain when pricked in certain parts of the body. Their feet and flanks are covered with horrible sores, through which what is lef to them of life ebbs away. Their attitude is one of profound apathy and exhaustion, and I could not help being reminded of the saying of one of the leper of Aosta: "Endless seem the nights when the mind is dwelling upon a desperate present and a hopeless future." And yet amid all these horrible scenes their live married couples and children, the latter of whom, free from disease as yet, play about like other children, regardless of the spectacle which they have before them.

One of these wretched men, not more than thirty, but among the most afflicted has a very pretty wife and a child who is fresh and rosy like a young Cupid. A young fellow of twenty-five, but who is so cadaverous that he might be 100, a mere walking corpse, has a wife fifteen years older than himself, and herself ravaged by the same disease. This woman was married before, but her first husband put her away when he noticed symptoms of leprosy. He married again and had a child, which at his death he confided to the care of his first wife, who reared it. This child grew up and has since married and had children, all of them living together in this hospital. It is said that the disease is not contagious, as the governor, who has been there forty years, has a wife and six children, who enjoy the best of health. The brother of one of the lepers, who is a soldier in a neighboring barrack, comes to see him whenever he can get leave, and he has not caught the disease, while Dr. Zambaco comes twice a week and handles the lepers with perfect impunity. Dr. Zambaco, who is one of the leading Greek physicians at Constantinople, is of the opinion, that it is not at all contagious, and that, though occasionally inherited, the main cause being privation and want.

Among the lepers at the Miskin Hane is one who owes his malady to having been struck by lightning, while a second became a leper after a sudden fright. But in the east the conviction that leprosy is contagious still has a very firm root, and for this reason at Mecca, while the lepers are given food and clothing, they never receive any money, the belief being that it would spread the disease when put into circulation again. So at Scutaria the lepers are literally inclosed within a living tomb, as the Miskin Hane is the center of the vast cemetery in which so many millions of dead have been interred since Constantinople was first built, and is surrounded by the splendid cypress tree, the dark green of which contrasts so well with the blue outline of the Sea of Marmora and the shores of Asia Minor in the distance. The hospital itself is a quadrilateral about 120 feet long and with only one story. To the entrance is a small mosque, in which the lepers recite their five prayers a day, this being their only distraction. In the center is the court yard, upon which open twenty rooms, and it is in these that twenty-seven sufferers drag on a miserable existence. Their rooms are lighted with a small window, with wooden bars, while in the way of furniture here is nothing but a mattress thrown upon the ground and few common utensils.

The Pope's Letter.

Baltimore, November 26.—The pope in his letter concerning the decrees of the plenary council, says of the church:

The madness of opinion it indeed repudiates. It reproves wicked plans of sedition, and especially the habit of mind in which the beginnings of a voluntary departing from God are visible; but since every true thing must necessarily proceed from God, whatever of truth is by search obtained, the church acknowleges as a certain token of the Divine mind, and since there is in the world nothing that can take away belief in the doctrines Divinely handed down, and many things which confirm this, and since every finding of truth may impel man to the knowledge of praise of God himself, therefore, whatever may happen to extend the range of knowledge, the church will always willingly and joyfully accept, and she will, as is her wont in the case of other departments of knowledge, studiously encourage and promote those also which are concerned with the investigation of nature, to which studies, if the mind finds anything new, the church is not opposed. She fights not against the search after more things for the grace and convenience of life. Nay, a very foe to inertness and sloth she earnestly wishes that the talents of men should, by being cultivated and exercised, bear still richer fruits; she affords incitements to every sort of art and craft by her virtue; directing by her own perfection all the pursuits of these things to virtue and salvation, she strives to prevent man from turning aside his intelligence and industry from God and heavenly things.

After quoting the action of Catholics in former times, even under the Roman empire, the pope continues to exhort the faithful to renewed efforts in the political world:

Now, indeed, in these days it is as well to renew those examples of our forefathers. For Catholics indeed, as many as are worthy of the name, before all things it is necessary to be, and be willing to be, regarded as most loving sons of the church; whatsoever is inconsistent with this good report without hesitation to reject. To use popular institutions as far as can be to the advantage of truth and justice; to labor that liberty of action shall not transgress the bounds ordained by the law of nature and of God; so to work that the whole of public life shall be transformed into as we have called it, a Chistian image and likeness. The means seek the ends, can scarcely be laid down upon one uniform plan, since they must suit places and times very different from each other. Nevertheless, in the first place let concord of wills be preserved and the likeness of things to be done sought for, and each will be attained. The best of all shall consider the admonitions of the apostolic see. Let all understand that the integrity of the Catholic profession can by no means be reconciled with opinions approaching toward naturalism, of which the sum total is to uproot Christians altogether, and to establish the primary importance of man, Almighty God being pushed to one side. Likewise, it is unlawful to follow one line of duty in private, and another in public, so that the authorities of the church shall be preserved in private and spurned in public, for this would be to join together things honest and disgraceful and to make a man fights a battle with himself when, on the contrary, he ought always to be consistent with himself and never, in the least thing or manner of living depart from christian virtue. But if inquiry is made about principles merely political, concerning the best form of government, of civil regulations of one kind or another, concerning these things, of course there is room for disagreement without harm.

Thanksgiving Sermon.

The following is a synopsis of a sermon delivered on Thanksgiving day by Dr. McCabe, at Topeka:

Services were held at 11 a. m. A sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. McCabe from Psalms xlviii, 9: "We have thought of thy loving kindness, O God, in the midst of thy temple."

After referring to reasons for thanksgiving, and calling upon the people to express their gratitude not only in songs and prayers, but also by practical help given to the poor and suffering, Dr. McCabe said:

The age in which we live is in some features unlike any former age. The great powers that have ruled the world are ecclesiasticism and civil despotism. In all times and nations, the ruling agencies have been oppressive religious establishments, and tyrannical civil institutions.

A peculiarity of the present age is that these despotic influences are losing their power—their sway has become in a great measure a thing of the past.

The first great and effective demonstration against these mighty influences was made in connection with the reformation in the sixteenth century. That grand movement was not at first, but in its ultimate form, a protest against despotism; it was an appeal to God against earthly tyrannies. Luther and Melancthon and their colleagues did more than assail certain corruptions in the church. They declared the doctrine of individual judgment in opposition to the doctrine of the infallibility of the church and the priest; they declare the doctrine that the final authority is God, and not priest or king; they maintain that the supreme responsibility of each soul is to God himself, and not to any civic or ecclesiastical superior.

These and such doctrines thus announced have been mighty forces thrown into human society. They have been the irreconcilable antagonists of tyranny, whether in church or state.

It was the principles of the Reformation that weighed the anchor of the Mayflower, in whose cabin was composed the first written free constitution that the world ever saw.

It was these principles that obtained for us the free institutions under which we are now living. It was essentially these principles—the sacred right of each man to himself, and the obligation of the government to do its work for the benefit of the mass, and in the interest of freedom, rather than under the control of a caste, and in the interest of slavery—that brought us safely through the war of the rebellion, calling forth on the part of our people a spirit of valor and sacrifice which has thrown new splendor around our national history—which has vindicated the human race from the charge of degeneracy, and has relaid the foundation of our government more securely than ever before, on the bed rock of Truth Justice and Liberty.

Freedom is the child of knowledge. It is the development of ideas that has disturbed the old despotic administration. The invention of the art of printing took place in the middle of the fifteenth century. The reformation arose in the next century. Undoubtedly the reformation was in part the product of the extension of knowledge resulting from the invention of printing.

It is ideas that batter down Bastiles and Inquisitions. It is ideas that burn the palaces of tyrants, and scare their owners into abdication or bind them to the bloody block. Muskets and cannon and torches, legislatures and councils and constitutions are but the tools with which ideas do their work.

Liberal institutions can be established and perpetuated only in connection with an unshackled press, and with unabridged liberty of speech. Through these agencies, ideas are discriminated—thought is stimulated—a spark of freedom is awakened—men learn their sacred rights, and tyranny becomes impossible.

There is but one influence that can successfully resist whatever evil tendencies may exist in connection with free institutions—and that influence is christianity. It restrains the excesses of personal and factional violence, and furnishes to men of all classes and conditions a bond of union and a basis of cooperation.

* * * *

In this state of Kansas—a state so ample in territory, so rich in soil, and varied in climate—a state whose central location enables it to reach and bind together the sister states on the east and on the west, and so to become the new "keystone" of the enlarged union—we shall be called to play no mean part in the scenes on which we are entering.

Standing on the threshold of our first quarter centennial celebration, our record is one of which we are not ashamed. An honest and economical management of our public affairs; liberal provision for the education of our youth, the children of the poor as well as the rich—a system of railroads, operating and perfected, that shall open to settlement all of our vast domain—the planting of churches, not only in the cities, but on the frontier wherever the pioneer builds his cabin or runs his plowshare—the offering of actual citizenship to all, irrespective of race, or lineage, or color—an unshrinking support of the federal government in its time of trial or peril—these form a part of our record which is both a monument of the past, and a guarantee of the future.

* * * * * *

May we be enabled to perform our duty so wisely, so faithfully, that we shall be called blessed by the generations that shall live here when these open prairies shall be converted into cultivated gardens—when villages shall nestle in all these valleys, and orchards and vineyards shall crown all these hill-tops—and when the spires and domes of a city of 100,000 souls shall cast their shadows over the spot on which we are now gathered.

The sermon closed with a reference to the sudden and lamented death of Vice President Hendricks, and a quotation from the language of Senator Voorhes respecting Mr. Hendricks.

Wichita Beacon: Church property in this state is exempt from taxation on the plausible plea that it produces no rental, and is on the other hand a dead load on the members. People generally have acquiesced in this arrangement, although not without considerable grumbling. But it would really seem that an exception ought to be made in the case of the Presbyterian church of this city, for the Beacon reporter has information that it has been rented to the south-western Kansas teacher's association next week for fifteen dollars. We had thought that the teachers and preachers were in a sense business partners, both having the same general object in view, the intellectual and moral instruction of the people. Neither class is supposed to be overpaid. The idea of charging fifteen dollars, especially when the pastor of that church and other ministers of the town are booked for prominent parts in the performances seems queer.

THE CROP CONDITION.

The Statistician of the Department of Agriculture Speaks Concerning the Condition of Crops in the United States.

A dispatch from Washington, D. C says: Colonel J. R. Dodge, statistician of the department of agriculture, in his report for November, showing the average yield of cotton, corn, potatoes, buckwheat, sorghum, tobacco and hay, says:

"The present crop of corn is the first that is a full average in rate of yield since that of 1880, which was the last of a series of six full crops, averaging twenty-six to twenty-eight bushels per acre. The present crop, grown on an area between 73,000,000 and 74,000,000 acres, is the largest in absolute quantity, though not the largest in rate of yield, ever made in this country. The highest rate of yield is 36½ bushels, in Nebraska and Ohio. The three corn growing states which produce four-tenths of the entire crop, Illinois, Iowa and Missouri, each average several bushels per acre less than in the census year; Illinois, 31; Iowa, 32; Missouri, 30. Utah averages, 36; Massachusetts, Connecticut and Colorado, 35; New Hampshire and Rhode Island, 34; Michigan, 33; Wisconsin, 82 Kansas, 31. The southern states make an average yield. The quality of corn is very good in the east and south medium in the central parts of the west and somewhat depreciated on the northern border from Michigan to Dakota.

"The potato crop is smaller than that of 1884, in consequence of injury from rot, especially on land which either from situation, want of drainage, of character of the soil, is ill adapted to withstand the effects of successive rainfalls. A number of correspondents note the fact that on light sandy soils the potatoes are sound, though rotting badly on other land in the same districts.

"The buckwhest crop will be large, the average yield exceeding fourteen bushels per acre, notwithstanding the fact that in a number of the western and northwestern states this grain has suffered considerably from the August and September frosts. In a number of counties in Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota the injury is very serious, amounting in some cases to the practical destruction of the crop. Damage is also reported from several counties in Ohio and Indiana. In Phillips county, Kansas, the yield is reported poor because of frost; in Hand county, Dakota, the crop is reported ruined by frost on August 7, and injury is also reported from other parts of this territory.

"The tobacco yield is generally an average one. The Connecticut valley yields exceed 1,400 pounds per acre; New York averages 1,250; Pennsylvania, 1,200. The heavy tobacco of the middle belt always makes a much lower average than the cigar varieties. The Kentucky average is 790; Virginia 655; Maryland 765.

"In parts of Tennessee, Kentucky, West Virginia and some other states the yield of sorghum has been reduced by drought, but the injury from this cause has in some cases been offset by an improvement in the quality of the juice. In some counties in Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa injury has been sustained from an excess of rain, while in other parts of the northwest, including a number of counties in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and Dakota, the crop has been injured by early frosts. A correspondent in Ottawa county, Kan., states that there will not be more than half a crop there owing to frost.

"The reported yield of hay per acre averages 1½ tons, and indicates a crop of over 47,000,000 tons, nearly as large as that of last year. In a number of localities the yield is reported as more or less shortened by drought in spring or early summer. The places from which such reports are received include portions of New England, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and Kentucky, Illinois, Minnesota, Missouri and Nebraska. The correspondent in Madison, county, Mo., says the crop was injured both in yield and quality by dry weather in May and June.

"The cotton returns of November are local estimates of yield per acre. They are somewhat higher than those of the last two years, but materially lower than those of 1880 and 1882. The increase over the yield of last year is most marked in Texas and Georgia. In Arkansas and Tennessee, where the average yield is usually high, the rate is depressed by the unfavorable conditions of August and September. The rate of yield by states is as follows: Virginia, pounds per acre; North Carolina, 157; South Carolina, 142; Georgia, 150; Florida 108; Alabama, 145; Louisiana, 223; Texas, 182; Arkansas, 200; Tennessee, 155.

Terror of Haunted Locomotives.

New York Tribune

Locomotive engineers are almost, if not altogether, as superstitious as sailors in regard to haunted locomotives as sailors in regard to haunted ships. About ten years ago the engine Matt Morgan blew up while standing on the track of the Shore Line road near the station in Providence, R. I., killing the engineer. The engine was subsequently rebuilt and put on the road. On the first trip that she made after being rebuilt she went tearing into Providence in the night with the train swinging behind and the sleeping town echoing to the shrill whistle. On approaching the station the engineer leaned forward to shut off the steam, but to his horror a ghostly form appeared at his side and a ghostly hand grasped his wrist and held him fast. When the station was reached the ghost disappeared and the engineer stopped the train some distance beyond. At least, this is what the engineer tells.

Many people have not forgotten the terrible Richmond switch disaster several years ago on the Providence and Stonington road. A little brook became swollen by the rain and carried away a railroad bridge. The train came rushing along that night and was hurled into the chasm. Giles, the engineer, when he saw the danger ahead, instead of leaping from the engine as his fireman did, grasped the lever and reversed the engine. But it was to late. The train was going at such a speed that the locomotive leaped clear across the stream, and they found Giles lying under his overturned engine with the lever drove through his body and one hand clutching the throttle valve with the grasp of death. Giles, when he came into Providence, was accustomed to give two peculiar whistles as a signal to his wife, who lived near the railroad where it enters the suburbs of the city, that he was allright and would soon be home. The absence of those whistles was the first intimation which was received at Providence of the disaster. When the engine which made the terrible leap on that stormy night was rebuilt and put on the road again there was at first great trouble in getting engineers for it, with such a superstitious horror was it regarded. To-day there are people ready to swear that they have heard whistles, such as Giles used to blow as signals to his wife, sound through the suburbs of Providence when no train was coming up the road.

Eskridge Star: The Wabaunsee Congregational church has extended a call to Rev. W. J. Feemster, who has accepted the same. Mr. Feemster has spent eleven years in preparing himself for the ministry, and is a man of solid attainments, and sterling christian character.